

PAGE ONE

1.

A dark figure leans down to light a cigarette, partly silhouetted in the flare of the zippo.

Figure: YOU TELL THAT RUSSKI SON OF A BITCH IT'S RAWLINS.

2.

Close in a little as he looks up. It is indeed Rawlins, glaring grimly at us as he exhales smoke, hint of a dark smile. He wears an eyepatch over the eye Frank removed, but really he's the same as ever: dark and mean and super-confident, and enjoying being a bastard.

Rawlins: RAWLINS IS MY FUCKIN' NAME.

3.

Wide shot. Rawlins stands and smokes his cigarette, not bothering to look at anyone else in the room. Three tough-looking men in civilian clothes stand watching him as a fourth enters an adjoining room. We're in an upstairs room in a bar- the bar itself is further back along one wall, no one behind it. Only room for three tables, all empty. Nothing visible out the small windows, stairs down visible through a doorway further back.

4.

The guy turns from the doorway to the other room, facing Rawlins again. He's a tall, solidly-built guy of Frank's size and build, leather jacket, short blond hair, clean-shaven, about 40. Very tough. Not impressed by Rawlins, who turns to face him nearer us.

Guy: OKAY.

5.

As Rawlins enters the doorway he freezes, facing us, all the confidence draining from his face in an instant. The big guy is just behind him, cool.

Off: TELL HIM IT'S ZAKHAROV.

" " GENERAL NIKOLAI ALEXANDROVICH ZAKHAROV.

PAGE TWO

1.

Zakharov- last seen in #18- sits at a table in the rear room, facing us quietly, cold and grim. If Rawlins enjoys playing the badass, Zakharov is the genuine article, utterly self-assured and no need to smile or posture. All business. Even his flab seems to add to his dangerous, imposing bulk- no sense of corpulence or dull-wittedness, the guy is clearly razor sharp. He has no need to prove it, that's all. He wears

his uniform, cap on the table, greatcoat over a chair. Nothing to drink. Two more tough guys stand silently behind him- civilian clothes, no visible weapons. Dark and gloomy in here.

Title: MAN OF STONE part one

And credits

PAGE THREE

1.

A tough-looking but smooth black guy in shades and sharp suit stands watching us, cool and grim. Like Puff Daddy (or whatever he's called) but bigger and harder. Couple of henchmen behind him.

Caption: JOHN JAMES TOOMEY.

" " HALF THE CRACK IN THE FIVE BOROUGHES IS DOWN TO THIS
PIECE OF SHIT. F.B.I. CAN'T TOUCH HIM, DON'T EVEN HAVE A
PHOTOGRAPH. STAYS SO FAR UP THE CHAIN HE'S NEVER
NEAR THE PRODUCT.

" " FIRST TASK FORCE ALMOST BRANDED HIM AN URBAN MYTH.
SO THE ONLY WAY I COULD SEE HIM BREAKING COVER-

2.

Frank on his knees, hands tied behind his back, dried blood on his face from a bad cut on his eyebrow. Pissed off but silent. No weapons, no coat.

Caption: WAS IF CHRISTMAS CAME EARLY IN THE PROJECTS.

3.

View past Frank- hands secured with tape- as Toomey looks him over, cool. Two other gangstas present: one a skinny, very keen young guy with a moustache, one a tougher guy a few years older. We're in some shitty basement.

Toomey: WHO BRUNG HIM IN?

Young: ME, JOHN JAMES--

Toomey: DONE GOOD.

PAGE FOUR

1.

The other gangsta, the older one, speaks up now. He's a little cooler than his young friend, who still seems very agitated, keen to make an impression.

Older: THIS MY BOY DINGO, JOHN JAMES. I TOL' YOU 'BOUT HIM.

Dingo: YO-YO-YO, LEMME LAY IT OUT FOR YOU, JOHN JAMES! I
FUCKED THIS MUTHAFUCKA UP, MAN!

2.

Toomey watches Frank, thoughtful, as Dingo makes the most of his moment of glory.

Dingo: I SEE HIM OUT THE BACKA MY CRIB, HE COMIN' CREEPIN' UP THE GODDAMN FIRE ESCAPE! MUSTA FOLLOWED ME FROM TOJO'S, YOU KNOW, WHERE WE HANG ON ATLANTIC?

" " I THINK DAMN, HE AFTER THE MUTHAFUCKIN' SHIT! AN' NO WAY'M I GONNA LET HIM TAKE JOHN JAMES' PRODUCT, FUCK THAT—I GRAB THE FRYIN' PAN, I LET HIM STICK HIS FOOL HEAD INNA WINDOW, BAM!

" " I FUCK HIM UP...!

3.

Toomey remains unmoved, very cool. Dingo grins.

Toomey: THAT HOW IT WAS, HUH?

Dingo: YEAH!

Caption: NO.

4.

Frank only, quietly grim.

Caption: I'D BEEN SURVEILLING THESE PRICKS FOR ABOUT A WEEK, LOOKING FOR THE WEAKEST LINK, WHEN I FOUND DINGO BANGING HIS BUDDY'S GIRL OUT THE BACK OF THE CLUB.

" " I KNEW WHO WAS MEANT TO BE WITH WHO FROM WATCHING THEM OUTSIDE TOJO'S. FIGURED IT COULDN'T HURT TO TAKE SOME PICTURES—I ACCIDENTALLY GOT THE MONEY SHOT, I'M TRULY SORRY TO SAY.

5.

The older gangsta watches Dingo jabber on, not very impressed.

Caption: HAD A TALK WITH DINGO LATER. HE WAS VERY KEEN FOR EARL HERE NOT TO SEE THE PHOTOS.

" " COMING ALL OVER YOUR FRIEND'S GIRL'S FACE IS STILL A MAJOR NO-NO.

PAGE FIVE

1.

Toomey holds a hand out to one of the henchmen, not looking at him, and the guy hands him a pistol. Dingo looks nervous.

Caption: I TOLD HIM THE NEGS WERE WITH A LAWYER. NO MATTER WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO ME, THEY'D BE IN EARL'S MAILBOX BY THE WEEKEND.

" " UNLESS HE WAS WILLING TO MAKE A DEAL.

Toomey: GAT.

2.

Toomey walks over to Frank, who faces him evenly, unafraid. Dingo is very edgy indeed.

Dingo: GONNA WET HIM?

Toomey: BE A LOT IN IT.

3.

Toomey puts the gun between the cool Frank's eyes, considers carefully.

Toomey: WHOEVER PULL THE TRIGGER ON THIS COCKSUCKA, THEY
REP... SHIT.

4.

Toomey suddenly bashes Frank hard across the face with the pistol, knocking him over.

5.

Frank has fallen onto his side. Toomey stands over him, coolly tucking the pistol into the front of his pants. Dingo is very relieved.

Toomey: YOU AIN'T ALL THAT, BITCH.

" " RUSSIANS GOT MONEY ON THIS FOOL'S HEAD. GONNA SEE IF
THEY PAY WHAT THEY SAYIN'.

Caption: NEWS TO ME.

PAGE SIX

1.

Close up on Frank's hands as he slices through the tape securing his wrists with a razor blade.

Caption: HAVE TO LOOK INTO THAT LATER.

2.

Toomey suddenly gapes in alarm as Frank's hand comes up to seize the pistol in his pants.

Toomey: EARL, YOU AN' MUTHAFUCK

3.

Everyone else gapes as Frank fires three shots directly up into Toomey's chest.

4.

He comes up to a crouch, drops both henchmen with two shots each- both hands on the pistol, aiming carefully. Earl draws his own pistol, horrified. Dingo flings himself to the floor in terror.

Earl: DAMN—

Dingo: WAAAAAAH!!

5.
Frank stands and shoots the amazed Earl twice in the head, Earl's gun going off into the floor.

PAGE SEVEN

1.
Frank relaxes, turns to see Toomey on his knees, bent over with his hands clamped to his chest. Blood pours through his fingers, his face contorts in agony.

Toomey: AWH--!

2.
He falls forward, stops himself with one hand, barely holding himself up.

Toomey: FUCK--

“ “ FUCKIN' PUNISHER...!

3.
Close up, Toomey spitting blood and hatred through gritted teeth. Side view.

Toomey: SHOULD A BUST A CAP IN YOU RIGHT AWAY

4.
Frank, calm.

Frank: YEAH.

5.
Toomey falls on his side and dies. Frank doesn't bother to look at him.

6.
Nearest us Dingo looks up, laughs with savage triumph. Frank turns to him.

Dingo: HA!!

PAGE EIGHT

1.
Dingo gets to his feet, laughing nastily, raising both middle fingers to mock the dead men at his feet. Frank doesn't look at him.

Dingo: FUCK ALL Y'ALL! FUCK ALL Y'ALL!

“ “ JOHN JAMES MUTHAFUCKIN' TOOMEY, YOU THINK YOU TOO
GOOD FOR ME? EARL, YOU FUCKIN' FAGGOT! WANT ME
TO GO FETCH YO' FRIED CHICKEN NOW? HUH?

2.

Close in. Dingo kicks Earl's corpse, leering at the body as he laughs with glee.

Dingo: I'M'A RUN SHIT NOW, MUTHAFUCKA! I GOT THE PRODUCT! I GOT THE CONNECTIONS! I AIN'T FETCHIN' NO GODDAMN CHICKEN EVER AGAIN!

" " I'M'A GO RIGHT NOW AN' FUCK YO' BITCH, BITCH...!

3.
He suddenly freezes, remembers Frank, who stands behind him- just a dark shape in the gloom, partial silhouette. Skull plain to see.

Dingo: I MEAN-

" " I'M'A GO GET ME A JOB.

4.
Side view as he turns to stare up at the cool Frank, quietly terrified.

Dingo: LEAVE ALLA THIS CRIMINAL BULLSHIT BEHIND ME. MAN, FUCK ALLA THAT. I'M'A GO STRAIGHT.

" " I'M'A... FUCKIN'... LEAVE TOWN...

Frank: WELL.

5.
Frank only, coolly raising the pistol, firing once.

Frank: JUST IN CASE.

PAGE NINE

1.
Rawlins has been stripped naked and hung upsidedown from the ceiling of the bar, hands tied behind his back. He stares at us in mounting horror, sweat lashing off him.

Off: SO.

" " RAWLINS-IS-MY-FUCKING-NAME.

2.
View past him. Facing him are Zakharov, cold as ever, a couple of the henchmen, and the big guy who initially showed him in to meet Zakharov: the General's right-hand man, Dolnovich.

Dolnovich: YOU HAVE INFORMATION FOR SALE, CORRECT?

Rawlins: FOR FREE! FOR FUCKIN' FREE! GENERAL ZAKHAROV, SIR, I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS GONNA BE YOU--!

3.
Side view. Rawlins jabbars at Zakharov, who isn't impressed.

Rawlins: THAT THING TWO YEARS BACK, THAT SHIT IN THE SILO AT
SUHDEK! IT WASN'T TERRORISTS, SIR!

Zakharov: IT WAS THE AMERICANS.

4.
Rawlins stares, bewildered. Zakharov slowly turns towards us, weary and
pissed off.

Rawlins: YOU KNEW--?

Zakharov: CASTRATE THIS IMBECILE. LEAVE HIM IN THE STREET TO
BLEED OUT.

PAGE TEN

1.
Dolnovich clamps a big hand over Rawlins' crotch- we don't see what
he's gripping, but he's got the lot- and coolly holds up a large,
vicious-looking combat knife. Rawlins screams his head off.

Rawlins: NO FUCK NO GOD JESUS!!

2.
Rawlins only, yelling, desperate.

Rawlins: I WAS PART OF IT! I SET UP THE HIJACK! I KNOW THE
WHOLE THING INSIDE OUT! I SWEAR TO FUCKIN' GOD!

" " AAAAAAAAAAAHH!

3.
Zakharov turns to look at us, slowly raising an eye.

Zakharov: STOP.

" " YOU HAVE PROOF?

4.
Rawlins, a shaken wreck, barely daring to speak.

Rawlins: ... NO.

" " BUT I-KNOW WHERE-TO GET IT...

5.
Zakharov turns away again. Dolnovich lets go of Rawlins. Thin trickle
of blood slides down his belly.

Zakharov: CUT HIM DOWN.

Rawlins: JESUS CHRIST...!

6.
Dolnovich slices through the rope and Rawlins hits the ground on his
head.

Rawlins: AAAAH--!

7.

Dolnovich crouches to cut the tape holding Rawlins' hands, cold. He doesn't see Rawlins' face nearest us, contorting with grim, surly anger despite the fear and pain.

Dolnovich: BARELY BROKE THE SKIN.

" " AMERICAN FAGGOT.

PAGE ELEVEN

1.

Rawlins sits facing Zakharov across the table, Dolnovich and the rest of the henchmen watching. Zakharov is grim as ever, but Rawlins is a bit of a wreck- still naked, sitting with both hands holding a rag over his crotch. Shivering, terribly vulnerable.

Zakharov: NO ONE IN MOSCOW WANTS TO KNOW.

2.

Rawlins slowly lifts the rag, sees the blood on it- not too much, but he's obviously pretty scared. Zakharov keeps talking, unaffected.

Zakharov: THE IDEA OF U.S. INVOLVEMENT IN THE ATTACK TERRIFIES THEM. TO CONFRONT WASHINGTON OVER SUCH A MATTER WOULD BE UNTHINKABLE.

" " THEY ARE COWARDS. THEY DREAM OF MUSHROOM CLOUDS AND WET THEIR BEDS.

3.

Zakharov only, cool.

Zakharov: I ATTEMPTED TO PURSUE THE MATTER. NOW I RUN A TRAINING CAMP ON SEVERNAYA ZEMLYA.

" " ALL I HAVE ARE CONTACTS AT THE INTERIOR MINISTRY, COMRADES WHO WISH TO PAY OLD DEBTS. A SOURCE WITH AN OFFER ON THE SUHDEK BUSINESS WOULD NORMALLY GET NOWHERE.

4.

Rawlins watches us warily, scared but thinking hard. Knows he has to make this good.

Off; INSTEAD THE NEWS IS QUIETLY PASSED TO ME. WHICH IS WHY YOU ARE SITTING WHERE YOU ARE.

" " BE BRIEF.

5.

Rawlins explains quickly, still edgy. Zakharov is very much the man in charge here.

Rawlins: IT WAS ALL ABOUT THE VIRUS, GETTING THE KID OUT SO THEY'D HAVE IT. THE 'PLANE WAS JUST TO THROW YOU OFF THE SCENT.

Zakharov: WHERE DID THE PLAN ORIGINATE?

Rawlins: AIR FORCE AND ARMY. NICKY FURY SET IT UP FOR THEM,
BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT THE ARABS.

6.

Close. Zakharov's eyes narrow. Rawlins looks a little sick.

Zakharov: FURY WAS THE MAN ON THE GROUND?

Rawlins: NO.

" " NOT FURY.

PAGE TWELVE

1.

Rawlins looks up, little edgy. Zakharov is cool.

Rawlins: NAME FRANK CASTLE MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

Zakharov: NO.

Rawlins: THE PUNISHER?

2.

Dolnovich looks up now, little bit curious.

Dolnovich: THE VIGILANTE? IN NEW YORK?

Rawlins: HE'S YOUR BOY.

3.

Rawlins only, pissed off despite his fear.

Rawlins: THE GENERALS WHO STARTED THIS CAN'T MOVE ON CASTLE.
THEY'D LOVE TO, BUT THE FUCKER GOT ME ON TAPE
CONFESSIN' THE ENTIRE THING.

" " FUCKIN' TORTURED IT OUTTA ME, THE PRICK! AN' THEN
THOSE ASSHOLES CUT ME LOOSE! I LOST AN EYE FOR THE
BASTARDS, AN' ALL I GET IS TOO BAD, RAWLINS, MAYBE
YOU SHOULDA LOST THE OTHER INSTEADA SPILLIN' YOUR
GUTS!

4.

Rawlins fumes at the table. Dolnovich raises an eye, not impressed.

Dolnovich: FUCKING HEARTBREAKING.

Zakharov: CAPTAIN DOLNOVICH.

" " AMERICAN: DO YOU SEE THESE MEN I HAVE WITH ME?

5.

View past Rawlins, who turns to look at Dolnovich and the other tough
guys.

Off: THEY ARE BLACK SEA MARINES. ONE WORD FROM ME AND
THEY WILL GUT AND BONE AND JOINT YOU.

6.

Zakharov only, cold and grim, completely in charge.

Zakharov: WHAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME SO FAR IS NOT WORTH YOUR LIFE.

PAGE THIRTEEN

1.

Rawlins stares at him.

Rawlins: WHAT... WOULD BE...?

Zakharov: CASTLE.

2.

Dolnovich looks thoughtful.

Dolnovich: SIR?

" " I HAVE TWO COUSINS IN AMERICA. THE PUNISHER HAS
KILLED MEN THERE FOR THIRTY YEARS, AND NO ONE CAN
STOP HIM—NOT ORGANISED CRIME, NOT LAW
ENFORCEMENT.

" " THEY CANNOT EVEN FIND HIM. FOR US TO MOUNT AN
OPERATION THERE WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE.

3.

Rawlins looks down at the table, not scared. Just quietly confident.
All eyes turn to him.

Rawlins: SO MAKE HIM COME TO YOU.

" " WHICH I CAN DO.

4.

Zakharov raises an eye. Rawlins looks up, urgent, knows this is his
chance.

Zakharov: HOW?

Rawlins: I CAN GIVE YOU SOMEONE HE CARES ABOUT. SOMEONE
HE'LL LEAVE HIS FUCKIN' HOLE TO PROTECT.

5.

Zakharov only, interested, but dangerous.

Off: SEE, THIS IS WHAT I WAS GONNA SELL TO YOUR MINISTRY
PEOPLE, GENERAL. I GOT A LIST: SIX NAMES, SIX AFGHAN
MOTHERFUCKERS, ALL EX-TALIBAN.

" " YOU KEEP TABS ON THEM, YOU'LL GET EXACTLY WHAT YOU
NEED.

6.

Rawlins only, smiling darkly again, glint in the eye. Some of the old
confidence returned.

Rawlins: 'CAUSE MY CUNT EX-WIFE, SHE'S OUT TO WASTE THEM ALL.

PAGE FOURTEEN

1.
Night over Kabul, a large house in a prosperous looking suburb. Rest of the city stretches out beyond. There's a light on upstairs, someone's taking the air on a third floor balcony.

2.
Inside, in a luxurious bedroom with silk cushions and sheets on a large bed, a young girl lies curled up foetally with tears drying on her cheeks, fast asleep. Looks miserable, barely 13. Whoever it is stands further back on the balcony, doors open.

3.
The guy on the balcony, smoking a cigarette. About 60, a hard-eyed, grim-faced Afghan wearing a heavy robe against the cold. His eyes slide sideways, puzzled.

Off: MOHAMAD SAHAR.

4.
Big. View past him as he turns. O'Brien is standing in the doorway, gently pulling the doors closed behind her, pointing a silenced pistol at Mohamad. She looks pretty much the same as when we last saw her, except with hair tied back. Wears black all over, including a vest with equipment pouches and holster. Dressed for stealth.

O'Brien: < DO YOU HAVE ANY WIVES OVER THE AGE OF THIRTEEN? >

PAGE FIFTEEN

1.
Mohamad stares at her, angry, amazed. She keeps her distance, pistol aimed at his head.

Mohamad: < WHO--? >

O'Brien: SSHHHHH.

2.
Close in. O'Brien's face is still, but there's a certain intensity to her eyes.

O'Brien: < I'M A LITTLE OFFENDED YOU DON'T REMEMBER.

" " YOU HAVE TO IMAGINE ME NAKED ON THE FLOOR OF A CELL,
LIVING FUCKING SHIT KICKED OUT OF ME, YOU AND YOUR
BUDDIES TAKING TURNS. >

3.
Mohamad freezes. Not scared, but quietly amazed. O'Brien's gun still in shot.

4.
He gapes at her, bewildered. She raises an eye, calm.

Mohamad: < HOW CAN--WAIT, WHAT HAVE I-- >

O'Brien: <NO, NO, YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD BOY. KEEPING ALL THE
RIGHT GOATFUCKERS IN LINE, OR WHATEVER THE
PENTAGON'S PAYING FOR.

" " REMEMBER YOUR LITTLE BROTHER? >

5.
Close. Mohamad stares at her, edgy all of a sudden. She's emotionless.

Mohamad: RAHMAN...!

O'Brien: < I DID THAT WITH MY TEETH. >

PAGE SIXTEEN

1.
Mahamad stares, mouth opening, freaked.

Off; < ALL I COULD THINK OF. NEEDED HIS KEY.

" " HOW DO YOU THINK YOUR CHANCES ARE LOOKING,
MOHAMAD? >

2.
View past her. He's scared but angry too, sweat pouring off him,
struggling to be brave.

Mohamad: < I THINK—

" " I THINK YOU ARE A WHORE. >

3.
Pull back as he snarls at her, hissing with impotent rage. She keeps
the gun on him, stands her ground.

Mohamad: < SEVEN MEN HAD THEIR WAY WITH YOU, YET YOU DARE
TO SHOW YOURSELF IN THE HOUSE OF
MOHAMAD SAHAR. IT DISGUSTS ME TO LOOK UPON YOU.

" " YOU SHOULD GO AND COVER YOUR WHORE'S FACE...! >

4.
View past him as O'Brien calmly shoots him in the face, point blank,
and he spasms as blood flies from the impact. We don't see the wound.

5.

Mohamad falls to his knees, shaking, hands held close to his face but too scared to touch the injury. We still don't see it. O'Brien stands over him, calm.

O'Brien: < NOT LOOKING TOO GOOD YOURSELF, BIG BOY. >

Mohamad: HNNNNNHHH

PAGE SEVENTEEN

1.

Mohamad looks up at us, pathetic. No anger or defiance left in him, his eyes are full of utter terror. His hands shake. Good chunk of his face has been blown away, removing half his nose and most of one cheek. The hole is a bloody mess of meat and teeth, severed tongue hanging out of it.

Mohamad: HHNNNNNHHHH

2.

Close up. O'Brien leans down to put the pistol to his forehead, cold as ice. He's terrified.

O'Brien: < ABDUL TALLOSH AND JAWAN AREFI ARE WAITING FOR YOU. SO IS WALLI HOMAYOUN.

" " THE OTHER TWO WILL FOLLOW SHORTLY. >

3.

Close. O'Brien fires twice.

O'Brien: < GO. >

4.

In the bedroom the girl is still asleep, more peaceful now. Further back O'Brien pads quickly across the room, pistol holstered, headed for the stairs.

5.

Now she jogs quietly down the deserted street towards us, staying in the shadows.

6.

Close up. O'Brien is cold and grim, quietly determined. No sign of mercy there.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1.

Bright, clear day at Coney Island. Off season, no one around. Two figures are walking along one of the tall piers off the beach.

Caption: THREE DAYS AFTER JOHN JAMES TOOMEY, I FINISH UP THE RUSSIAN ANGLE.

“ “ FIVE MEN HAVE DIED. ALEX RASTOVICH IS THE FINAL PIECE OF THE PUZZLE.

2.

Close in. Frank, pistol in hand, is walking Alex Rastovich down the pier- five feet between them. Alex is scared, but doesn't dare look back at the cool Frank.

Caption: COUPLE OF YEARS AGO I KILLED HIS COUSIN, LEON. FIRST THING ALEX DID WHEN HE GOT OFF THE BOAT WAS PUT FIFTY THOUSAND ON MY HEAD.

“ “ SO MYSTERY SOLVED.

3.

Alex only, shaky as hell, talking quickly to save his life. His cousin Leon died in #13; Alex is the younger, better-looking relative.

Alex: FUCK, MAN—LISTEN—

“ “ SOME KIND OF WEIRD FUCKING COINCIDENCE SHIT HERE, OKAY?

4.

He's nearest, still anxious as hell. Frank's completely calm.

Alex: I MEAN I HELP YOU OUT HERE, I HELP YOU...

Frank: GOOD OF YOU, CONSIDERING.

Alex: NO, I MEAN WE HELP EACH OTHER, MAN--!

5.

Alex turns to us, hands up for calm, scared but trying to hold it together.

Alex: OKAY, I PUT CONTRACT ON YOU, OKAY—I AM PISSED ABOUT COUSIN LEON, I MEAN WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU EXPECT?

“ “ BUT YESTERDAY I GET CALL FROM GUY, FROM BROKER I PAY TO SET IT UP. HE IS SCARED, MAN. HE GETS WORD FROM BACK HOME, HE MUST BACK THE FUCK OFF PUNISHER, NOW...

PAGE NINETEEN

1.

Both, not too close. All body language. Frank calm, Alex anxious.

Alex: THIS GUY WORKS WITH TALENT THAT IS WORLD-CLASS, TO MAKE HIM CANCEL CONTRACT YOU MUST BE SERIOUS. I DON'T KNOW, SOME GANGS IN MOSCOW, PEOPLE THEY HAVE TIES TO...

Frank: ANY REASON GIVEN.

Alex: NOTHING. ALL I GET—I MEAN AT THIS LEVEL I AM JUST PEON, YES? I AM NOBODY. BUT HE SAYS SAME SOURCE WANTED LINES OUT, IF ANY OF HIS PEOPLE WORKING IN , IN AFGHANISTAN—

2.

Frank only, eyes narrowing a little.

Off: MUST LOOK OUT FOR SOMEONE CALLED O'BRIEN.

3.

Alex points at Frank, scared but hopeful. Frank is cool again.

Alex: SOMETHING YOU USE, RIGHT? YOU LET ME GO NOW?

Frank: BECAUSE SOMEONE ELSE CANCELLED THE CONTRACT YOU
PUT OUT ON ME?

4.

Alex stares at Frank, face falling quietly, can't believe this. No response from Frank.

5.

Alex slowly turns away, gazing out to sea. Sad, but bitter, too. Him only.

Alex: ... SHIT.

" " IS BEAUTIFUL DAY. WE SEE KIDS BACK THERE.

6.

Long shot on the two of them on the pier.

Alex: KIDS PLAYING.

" " I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FUCKING DO THIS.

PAGE TWENTY

1.

Kabul, day. A crowded street. A wealthy-looking man of Mohamad's age walks through the crowd flanked by two bodyguards, tough-looking thugs with AK47s over their shoulders. All in civilian clothes. People draw back, give them a wide berth. This is Atiq Chahverdi- doesn't bother to look at anyone, somewhat imperious.

Jag: CHARLIE ONE HAS A POSSIBLE, OVER.

2.

A woman is following Atiq, wearing typical Afghan dress and burkah to hide her face, all in a fetching brown.

Jag: ONE FROM ALPHA, GO AHEAD, OVER.

Jag 2: WOMAN IN THE BROWN BURKAH, TEN YARDS REAR LEFT OF
PRINCIPAL. GOT A LOOK WHEN SHE PASSED ME, PRETTY SURE
SHE'S CAUCASIAN, OVER.

3.

Close in. We still don't see her face, but she's holding a silenced pistol low at her side in the folds of her dress. It's O'Brien, same gun as before.

Jag: ANY CHANCE SHE PINGED YOU? OVER.

Jag 2: TOO BUSY WATCHING PRINCIPAL—FUCK, SHE'S GOT A WEAPON OUT, SHE'S GOT A WEAPON OUT, OVER—

4.

Pull back. O'Brien moves closer to Atiq, unseen by the bodyguards, who glare grimly ahead nearest us.

Jag: HAVE THE TWO RONNIES PINGED HER? OVER.

Jag 2: THAT PAIR OF TWATS ARE FUCKING BLIND. SHE'S MOVING IN, NOW SEVEN YARDS, NOW SIX, NOW FIVE—

5.

Close up on O'Brien. It's her all right, eyes grim behind her burkah.

Jag: ONE AND TWO TAKE HER, THREE AND FOUR COVER. ONE HAS CONTROL, OVER.

Jag 2: STAND BY... STAND BY... GO.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1.

A tall, tanned, 30-ish white guy with a moustache and couple of days' stubble steps up behind O'Brien, sticks a SIG in her ribs. She freezes. The guy has civilian clothes, baseball cap, shades, photographer's vest, couple of cameras on straps. Both stay calm, you'd have no idea what was going on unless you were standing right next to them.

Guy: < KEEP THE WEAPON POINTED DOWN OR YOU WILL BE SHOT DEAD. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? >

2.

O'Brien glares behind the burkah. The guy quietly takes her gun, keeping his in her ribs.

O'Brien: < YES... >

Jag: ONE, GET HER OFF THE STREET. THREE AND FOUR STAY ON THE PRINCIPAL—DO NOT ALERT HIM, THE RONNIES'LL TAKE OUT HALF THE STREET. OVER.

3.

Pull back as the guy walks O'Brien towards an alley. No one in the crowd notices a thing.

Guy: < ALLEY ON THE LEFT. SLOWLY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? >

O'Brien: < YES. >

4.

In the alley now, no one around. The guy drops back a couple of feet, both still moving.

Guy: < THREE MORE PACES AND STOP. HANDS ON TOP OF YOUR HEAD. SLOWLY.

" " DO YOU UNDERSTAND? >

5.

O'Brien whips around and seizes the pistol barrel with one hand, jerking it aside even as the gun goes off and a bullet nicks her side, a tiny wound with just a little blood. The guy snarls with amazement.

Guy: FUCK—

6.

Close. O'Brien spits hatred and pushes the gun upwards, seizing the guy's balls with her free hand. He grimaces with pain and anger, shoving her head back with his own free hand, the burkah coming off as they struggle. He keeps a tight grip on the gun.

Guy: YAAAAAAHHH!!

O'Brien: I'LL FUCKING RIP THEM OFF FUCKING GIVE IT TO ME—
PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1.

Another guy, same age and look, comes out of nowhere and bashes O'Brien over the head with his own SIG. No moustache, cap or photo vest, but shades and civvies again. O'Brien drops instantly, lets go of gun and balls.

2.

The first guy leans against the wall, bent double, head down, one hand over his balls. Nearest us the second guy has pulled O'Brien's arms behind her back and is crouching to fit a pair of plasticuffs round her wrists. NB- both these guys have little radio earpieces.

First: FUCKING KILL HER—FUCKING SLAG--!

Second: NO CAN DO, MATE. YANKS WANNA KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THIS.

3.

The first guy is nearest, angry but nauseous, ready to puke. The second guy turns, curious.

First: SHE—ULBB

" " SHE IS A FUCKING YANK...

Second: YOU WHAT?

First: SHE'S A YANK...

4.

Big. Close up on O'Brien, bound and unconscious, blood seeping down her face from an unseen scalp wound. Second guy's feet visible beyond.

Off: FUCK.

" " OLD YORKIE'S GONNA LOVE THIS.

CONTINUED

TO BE